

Mother's "Day Off."

A Thursday off the waitress takes
The cook prefers a Sunday;
The housemaid stout we do without
On Saturday and Monday.
But when, oh when, ye gods of toil,
Relentless, deign to say,
The mother of the family—
When comes her holiday?

The hardest worker of them all,
When dons she a best gown,
A trip to take to see the shops
Or visits friends in town?
To hear the news and freshen up,
Perhaps, to see a play?
When, when does such a thing occur
Lares, penates, say?

Now, reading the above reminds me of a real Sunshine boy I heard of the other day. The boys in the neighborhood were all planning some fun in the snow, by moonlight after supper. One of them spoke: "All of us have supper at six, so we'll all have lots of time to get here if we meet at quarter to seven. All the boys shouted approval to this arrangement excepting one, who said: "I can't come till half past seven; I have to wash the supper dishes and straighten up the room." At that all the other boys gave a derisive laugh and shout. "A boy wash dishes! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"I have," said the dish-washer quietly. "I know of three boys in the big hotel who wash dishes three times a day."

"Oh—but they are paid for it."

"Well, do you mean to say that you would do for pay what you wouldn't do to help your sick mother?"

These boys were all good boys, as boys go, and they were silenced if not convinced.

Is it not strange that not only among boys, but among boy's mothers, there should be a feeling that to help around the house is good for a girl but belittles a boy?

Many a smart boy wants to help his mothers, but does not know how beyond bringing in wood or water or going an errand. There is nothing that will injure him in knowing how to wash dishes, make beds, sweep, set the table or cook a plain meal of victuals. Indeed, all these are accomplishments that may prove valuable in after life.

In this strenuous life a young man may save himself from beggary some time by learning how to cook. To claim that these things are girls work is nonsense. There are men who make very fine livings by sewing, cooking, washing and ironing. It is a positive harm to a boy's moral character to allow him to be idle while his overworked mother is staggering under her house hold burdens and savors too much of the life and thought of the savage.

In our foreign letters received, is one from Clarence Hawks whose delightful bits, selected from his idyls of old New England we shared with our readers a week or two ago. Mr. Hawkes has been blind since boyhood, but his poetry is wonderfully descriptive and heartsome. Mr. Hawks

wrote to us about the "Nye Memorial." You know the "Nye Memorial Circle" was formed under the North Carolina Sunshine Society, for the purpose of raising funds for placing a suitable monument at the grave of the world-famed humorist, Edgar Wilson Nye, more popularly known as "Bill Nye," whose remains honor North Carolina soil, but whose resting place is now unmarked—"neglected," some express it. The monument is meeting with approbation everywhere, as no humorist has been more deeply loved, as his humor was always free from bitterness or sectional prejudice of any kind; in fact, was pure fun, untarnished and wholesome. So Mr. Hawks writes:

"The object is a most worthy one, and while my own resources are limited, I can hardly let this opportunity go by without doing something for the cause.

"I have not a large stock of Idyls of old New England on hand, but can spare you some of my other works. I will send you four copies of 'Songs for Columbia's Heroes,' and two copies of 'Idyls of Old New England.' Wishing you all good luck in the enterprise, I am,

"Yours cordially,
"CLARENCE HAWKS."

Among others who have contributed to the Nye Memorial, is the J. B. Lippincott Publishing Company, who have donated copies of the "History of the United States" and "History of England," both by Bill Nye, the latter work being the one Mr. Nye was at work on at the time of his death, so that it brings it down to Henry VIII's time. History is generally considered "dry" reading, but these are anything else but dry. They are profusely illustrated, comically so, and there is not a page but is full of fun, although historical facts are adhered to. As Mr. Nye says in the preface, "Facts in a nude state are not liable criminally any more than bright and beautiful children commit a felony by being born thus; but it is the solemn duty of those having these children in charge to put appropriate, healthful and even attractive apparel upon them at the earliest possible moment. It is thus with facts. They are the frame-work of history, not the drape-ry. * * * We, each of us, the artist and the author, respect facts. We have never, either of us, said an unkind word regarding facts. But we believe that they should not be placed before the public exactly as they were born. We want to see them embellished and beautified. That is why this history is written."

These books are now for sale for the benefit of the fund, by the Nye Memorial Circle. They are excellent reading for club or fireside; \$1.25 each. And here I would say that every cent goes into the fund, as the Circle receives nothing for its time or work, both being given to this "labor of love," and stationery having been donated by the Asheville Citizen, and funds deposited in Battery Park Bank.

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